[fic] Human AU: Suffocating

• Mar. 14th, 2011 at 4:58 AM

Title: Human AU: Suffocating.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: NC-17.
Warnings: Angelcest, smut.
Pairings/Characters: Gabriel/Raphael, Michael +/ Lucifer.
Word Count: 1,177 words.
Summary: Gabriel tries to sleep on the couch, but Raphael's having problems expressing his anger, and his latest attempt to threaten Gabriel doesn't go as expected.
Note: Written for **spn_30snapshots**, with the prompt suffocating being used for this one. Nine down, twenty-one to go!

Please note the jump in rating! Also please note that pairings are likely to be fluid as this goes on, as they're human and that means desires they aren't used to. :P Also, I promise that this won't become PWP - I have plenty of plot to go yet, and plenty of prompts to use for both.

Also? Don't start reading here. Go here and start with #4, as that's the first story in this collection. You'll be confused otherwise.

At the end of the day Gabriel flops on the couch, worn out and feeling like he has the beginnings of a sunburn on his nose. It's been exhausting, to go from the pond to fighting with Raphael to the whole ordeal with Lucifer, and he is so ready to sleep.

Except that he can't sleep in his bed, because in a fit of generosity he had offered it to Lucifer, seeing as the only other beds in the house were occupied by the holy brothers who would never give up their beds to the fallen archangel Lucifer.

Gabriel thinks he might hate them a little.

On the other hand, the couch is overly comfortable, and once he drags the blankets on top of him and closes his eyes, he can pretend it's just like a bed pretty well. It's not like he hasn't fallen asleep here dozens of times already when reading tabloids late at night, too.

He's nearly asleep when he hears footsteps. He's almost safe in dreams when he hears Raphael voice, saying his name quietly.

"What d'you want *now*?" Gabriel whines, and opens his eyes, giving the couch the stink-eye, as rolling over to look at Raphael would land him on the floor. Not that he wants to look at Raphael. Raphael and his ever-present sneer and constantly judging gaze. Oh, he *knows* Raphael doesn't think highly of him. He doesn't need another reminder of that.

Gabriel closes his eyes and rolls over, shifting so he's on his back, so he can at least sit up.

Raphael's fingers close around his neck.

Raphael's fingers *squeeze*.

Gabriel's eyes snap open, he stares at Raphael, and he sees hatred there.

"I can't finish the deed," Raphael says softly. "Or your neck would be broken, and I would sleep comfortably tonight. But Michael doesn't want you dead, and I honor his orders."

Gabriel grabs Raphael's arms, trying to pull him off, as he can't breathe, he's suffocating under the pressure and how intent Raphael's gaze is.

Raphael lets go of his throat abruptly and grabs his wrists, pinning them above his head, and when did Raphael figure out his own human strength? Gabriel can only wonder, as he's helpless, vulnerable like this.

"Traitorous coward," Raphael hisses as he leans in, and his face is so close that Gabriel can smell his breath, their noses nearly bumping.

Gabriel stares at him, and makes a soft sound when Raphael kisses him.

He's surprised, at least for a moment, as he can't wrap his mind around Raphael *kissing* him despite the press of lips and sharing of breath, but then he figures it out: it's because Raphael's human.

As an angel Raphael had no confusion in his emotions, and could crystallize his anger into something bright and hot and eternal within him, but now: now he is human, and Gabriel knows all too well how *weird* human emotions are. He laughed when he stubbed his toe the first time, and he recognizes this now: Raphael is so terribly angry that he can't express it, not without violence, and he's been forbidden that by the one being who could stay his hand.

So Gabriel kisses back, makes the kiss violent, bites at Raphael's lips and is rewarded by confused anger and lust in Raphael's eyes, and he knows that this might be the right choice.

If nothing else it means that he has the best excuse for why he's hard already: he's human, he's not thinking rationally.

Raphael seems to come to the same conclusion when his grip tightens on Gabriel's hands and he kisses him again, kisses him until they're both breathless, and their lips are bruised.

Then Raphael doesn't seem to know *what* to do, and Gabriel thinks that he's probably too wound up to let instinct take over, and Gabriel thinks he'll have to fix this. He breathes in deeply and throws himself up and to the side, gets his hands free from Raphael's grip and lands them on the floor, positions now reversed.

Gabriel kisses Raphael again as he shoves their pants down, presses their hips together, and he sees understanding now: Raphael gasps, his eyes darken, and then Raphael is pushing Gabriel to the side, pushing the coffee table aside bodily as he gets on top once more, not that Gabriel minds now.

Not when Raphael has reached to grip Gabriel, and he may be squeezing too tightly, but it's a good pain as he pumps Gabriel with quick strokes, and Gabriel can't help but arch, moaning in pleasure, even as he reaches to grip Raphael in response.

Gabriel's rewarded with Raphael jolting in surprise, and laughs.

"Bet you didn't know it'd feel like that, did you?" Gabriel asks, flicking his wrist, stroking Raphael in short fast movements, ones that make Raphael *whimper*, and Gabriel has never been so grateful for the chance to masturbate before, so he's prepared for this,

even if it's *better* than that ever was.

"Sh-shut up," Raphael says, and there's that anger again, there's that struggle Gabriel can see plainly in his eyes where he tries to control how human he responses are, and there's honest fury in his eyes when he kisses Gabriel again, moving his hand faster.

Gabriel cries out, moans into Raphael's mouth now, and he grips Raphael's shoulder with his free hand, and he can't help but dig his fingers in tighter than he should, can't help echo that anger, as he hurts too - every harsh word cuts deep, and now, pinned to the floor and feeling pleasure he's not used to, he can't even begin to try to hide it under laughter, and this is why he stops watching Raphael's eyes, closes his eyes and focuses on the physical, the here and now.

There's a rush of warmth over his hand, and Gabriel shudders when he realizes that Raphael has come, opens his eyes to see Raphael's shocked expression, and can't help but grin before he follows suit, gasping as there's that rush of sensation through him.

Gabriel slumps back against the floor, letting go of Raphael, and breathes.

He's half-asleep already when Raphael scrambles up, backs away from Gabriel and the mess on the floor, and Gabriel snickers to himself when he thinks of the shame that Raphael's probably going to start feeling.

That abruptly stops, though, when he sees Raphael's last glare before he leaves, and it doesn't start when Gabriel realizes that he's been left to clean up the mess on his blankets and his pants and the floor.

"Damnit," Gabriel mutters, and wonders if he could get away with falling asleep here and being found like this in the morning.

...but as appealing as the thought is, he's been trying to be diplomatic about this whole thing. And then Michael might really let Raphael kill him, and that's no fun.

So he struggles to his feet and begins to clean up, and wonders if Raphael's going to hate him more for what happened.

Mostly he wonders if it'll happen again.

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